

FACULTY OF MUSIC  
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

**Thursday**  
**Noon Series**

**12:10 pm • WALTER HALL**  
**EDWARD JOHNSON BUILDING**

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CONCERT OF STUDENT COMPOSERS

THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1987

Three Songs

- IV. Contortionist
- VI. Bearded Lady
- VIII. Mesmerist

DAVID MACK  
text from "Turns" by Richard Outram

Regan Grant, baritone  
David Mack, piano

Nuclear Beach

for Piano and Tape

LESLEY BARBER

Lesley Barber, piano

Icons of the Virgin

- I. Ave Maria
- II. Alma Redemptoris Mater
- III. Regina Coeli

MICHAEL SIENKIEWICZ

Laura Pudwell, mezzo-soprano  
Leo Marchildon, organ

Rhapsody

Mark Jealouse, clarinet  
Sterling McNay, bassoon

GREG FURLONG

The Hour of the Singer

LEO MARCHILDON  
text by Gwendolyn MacEwen

Marianne Bendig, mezzo-soprano  
David Mack, piano  
Liz Johnston, violin I  
Leo Marchildon, violin II  
Kenji Fusé, viola  
Eero Voitek, cello

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• A D M I S S I O N   F R E E   •

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TEXTS

Three Songs

DAVID MACK

Contortionist

Billed as 'THE LIVING PRETZEL',  
I can tie my ankles  
Into a knot above my head,  
A stunt that always rankles

My hosts of jealous rivals;  
Let that whole tatty legion  
Go, if they are able,  
Kiss their lumbar region.

The rubes still come to see,  
By watching from all angles,  
Sweet something that they shouldn't,  
Just covered by my spangles.

My paw, a Gospel-grinder  
Who maw, not God, supported,  
Would spin to see his daughter  
So publicly contorted;

Just think, paw, I was born  
Double and triple-jointed,  
Thereby for my chosen calling  
Divinely appointed.

Bearded Lady

I am in fact a public slave;  
How I would love to misbehave  
And start the morning with a shave;

But do not dare. Each day I rise  
To face my face with downcast eyes  
And make the toilette I despise.

So that, my moustache all unfurled,  
My whiskers neatly oiled and curled,  
I may go forth to face the world.

To bear all day the cruellest whips  
Of dirty jokes and jeers and quips;  
I am adept at reading lips.

Hell hath indeed, as we are warned,  
No fury like a woman scorned:  
God knows why I am so adorned.

He may not find, for all His Grace,  
A member of the human race  
To love me for my hirsute face;

But when the world and time have died  
You'll face me, seated by His side,  
His radiant and bearded Bride.

Mesmerist

The powers of sleeping suggestion  
Are greater than everyone thinks;  
I may turn a man to a Goddess;  
I have turned a girl to a Sphinx.

I enabled a child to breathe flambeaux  
And walk upon embers; so charmed,  
He sported like God's Salamander  
In rivers of fire unharmed.

I once made a native so rigid,  
Three others could rest on his span;  
A common enough demonstration:  
You wonder just how I began?

I fell out of grace with my father  
Who taught me this damnable art  
That spoils me for other vocations,  
That sets me forever apart,

Thus cursed, to encounter in peril  
Somnambulists not as they seem,  
Forbidden, however, to save them,  
Bereft of the succour of dream;

Compelled, in compassion, to tamper  
With ardour, yet never to make  
One true transformation: a mentor  
My subjects ignore, once awake.



## Icons of the Virgin

MICHAEL SIENKIEWICZ

### Ave Maria

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you.  
Blessed are you among women, and blessed is the fruit  
of your womb, Jesus.  
Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now, and  
at the hour of our death,  
Amen.

### Alma Redemptoris Mater

Mother of Christ the redeemer,  
Eternal gateway to the heavens, and star of the deep,  
Bring help to your people who sink yet seek to rise,  
You who miraculously bore your holy Father:  
Virgin first and last, by means of Gabriel's word,  
You who received his greeting, pity us our sins.

### Regina Coeli

Queen of heaven, rejoice, Alleluia,  
For He whom you deserved to bear, Alleluia,  
Has risen as he said, Alleluia,  
Pray for us to God, Alleluia.

## The Hour of the Singer

LEO MARCHILDON

Your life falls away from the mouth of the singer  
and you are left with one song you must sing forever;  
all you have aspired to you have already done  
or seen in the eyes of the indestructible One.

This is the hour when it all falls away,  
and you are lost in the blind mouth of the singer  
and everything you ever wanted is contained  
in the naked pause between his words.

Through his red music he smiles to warn you  
you have always moved among the gods.

All you have sought you have already found  
and now it falls away beyond the sounding hours  
of the blood and the years of false singing.

What you have been is a tale beyond telling  
and all that has fallen away from his mouth and your  
life  
is yours forever, without ending.

Now you comprehend your first and final lover  
in the dark receding planets of his eyes,  
and this is the hour when you know moreover  
that the god you have loved always  
will descend and lie with you in paradise.